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A THRILLING SKETCH.

LAW VS. SAW.

"OR THE EFFECTS OF PARSON."

Father, Mr. C — was talking to

was regaled with his share, never served by a waiter, and he had no other than the by-standers, and by a raging appetite

ings more and more. It seemed an age

the room. My first essay was by riding

nicht, King's men, dress as with each

Selected Poetry.

LAW VS. HAW.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer—
 Standing in the street a sawyer;
 On the lawyer's anxious face,
 You could read a hearty case.
 Needing law,
 'Twas the sawyer's honest and grim
 On a rough and knotty limb,
 Laid a saw.

 Naw the saw here seemed to me
 Like a double-edged sword,
 And the law—
 Which even now 'twas thrust,
 May be followed by the dust,
 Like the law.

 And the law upon the track,
 Like a double-edged fork,
 Played its part—
 As the tempered teeth of steel
 May be used to cut or heal,
 Through the heart—

 And each severed skull that fell,
 In its falling seemed to tell
 Of the many severed lives,
 That the law cut off at once,
 Betwixt pain,

 Then we thought the sturdy saw,
 That was using and was used
 Held a yielding mine of wealth,
 Which the law took and leaves
 Doing good.

 If the ships that strew'd the ground
 By some arctic wind blown found,
 Should by light and warmth impart
 Blessings to her aged hand,
 Hail the law.

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The world be wise, this counsel give—
The might who early weds will live
To think himself a little thing,
And in the world be counted such;
Wears deeper day by day;
And to the feast of time is such
Who gives the feast, his way.
He wisely weds who weddeth late,
Who thinks himself a little thing.

When wrinkled ake, such twining slug,
Whose tendrils like the vine
When ravens, like the linnet, sing,
When the first snows of winter come,
When honey drops from withered leaves
And not from summer flowers;
When the first snows of winter come,
And snow drifts, sunny hours;
When truth alone makes falsehood right,
When the first snows of winter come.

The trembling note young birds awake,
Hiss, sweetly into tune,
As April buds, expanding make,
And the first snows of winter come,
So here begun is life's young day,
Mature with manhood's prime,
And the first snows of winter come,
And stronger grows with time;
O early and love's capital vein,
And the first snows of winter come.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind,
 And so, to breathe each tale we've heard
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Fair is the word that never we shall cease
 By uttering since 'twas first uttered here;
 For he that speaks the word of peace
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fair would hide,
 Would fain another's faults expose;
 How can it pleasure human pride,
 To prove humanity but false?
 To speak of such a heart as mine,
 A nobler estimate of man;
 Be earnest in the search of good,
 And speak of ill the least we can.

Then speak no ill, but instead be
 The good that's falling from the sky;
 If you're the first to fault to see;
 Be not the first to think it so;
 Be not the first to judge a fault;
 No lips may tell how brief it is;
 Time ill the little time we stay,
 And so, to breathe each tale we've heard

I like to see nice people that
 pretty nice, but not to a frowny
 face. We like to see a gentleman
 oil-brushed coat; but we would
 see him to brush it so as to ma-
 nadure. We admire a pair of
 shined boots; but we should not
 wish to polish them to such a
 as to form a mirror for all the
 eyes, and monkeys to see their
 faces. We think it necessary to every man
 of comfort and decency to have a clean
 face; but we should account it
 a labor lost to brush them so
 as to off the enamel. We like to
 see a man's beard and whiskers neatly ar-
 ranged; but we should think a man
 employed who spent all his time in
 arranging his beard and whiskers.
 We prize a neat-setting shirt collar;
 but we would not have a man perpe-
 tuating up his shirt-collar to make it

We like to see a lady exceedingly tidy, in, everything that concerns privacy or comfort of her household; it seems to us that a woman really be too nice in the matter of tidiness, the arrangements of the house, the general cleanliness of her household, her personal neatness she cannot be too exact; not that she should spend her time before the glass—which, indeed, is not apt to be the case with a lady who is naturally neat.

But, with all this, we would have a man avoid all troublesome and ridiculous nicety. For a lady to whitewash the walls of her house is both pleasant, and sweet; but to white wash and she burns is more nice than to burn some part of the country if it is necessary to sprinkle and on occasions to burn, and, in the end, the nicety is really done, it is necessary to burn, and, after all, it is neither less than a nice species of dirt, nor is it praiseworthy to put things in their right places; but the disposition some nice housewives possess always "putting things to rights" is a most vexatious and troublesome exercise in the sanctum sanctorum of a study, by carefully disarranging papers, and wrongly putting his matters to rights.

Година: Четрнаест. Број: 100. — 1901.

"I have the pleasure of dancing
the next edition?"
"Well, I don't know—"
"Engaged, perhaps?"
"Well, if you must know, I ain't
no dancing my evening!"

AT THE COURT OF THE

"Father, Mr. C— was talking to-day about old college times, when he and you were students together at M— University in the north, and in the course of his conversation, spoke of a duel which you and a friend of yours fought while there. How was it? What was the cause? Tell me, won't you?"

"Well, my boy, it was one of those affairs of honor, as they are now called, which I thought a brave and chivalrous thing to enter into, and for which I am now heartily ashamed. However I will relate it to you, and bid you be careful, unless you fall into as dire and unnecessary a snare as I, from the snare of my youth, and a revengeful spirit, become entangled. Mother, do you wish to hear it?" This was addressed to my wife, a clear, blue-eyed dame, now looking with eyes of starged alarm on me and her boy, this having been the first time she had ever, during the course of our married life dreamed of such an adventure of her husband's.

"Oh, yes. I should like to know something of that myself."

"Well, then, here it is. Twenty years ago saw me a member of the Freshman class at M—University, a carelessly, recklessly, fearless boy of sixteen. My father, God bless him! presented me, when I left his roof-tree in Florida, in order to annex myself in my leisure hours, fearing I might over-work myself if I had no inducement otherwise, with a fine light rifle, a suit of Indian-dressed deerskin, powder and bullet-pouch, and to crown all, a large, magnificently-made dog, which he had brought home with him from Ireland, whither he had been a year or two before. This bond was of a mouse color, with a fine fox nose, long thin legs, and stood nearly a foot high. His eyes were never still, always watching some object, even at his meals; and as to his general reputation among the fellows—he could outrun, out-scent any dog within a hundred miles of M—, Satan was the name he bore at home, and for old remembrance this diabolical name followed him wherever he went. Among the numbers of the macknowledged secret and sporting club, to which I belonged, yeelp "The Provisional Government," was George E—, a rather fast and unscrupulous sportsman, whose whole time was spent, instead of at his books, as it should have been, cursing the woods, and dealing destruction upon all game, of whatever quality, that crossed his hunting path. To him, as a leader, I could have bowed in submissive homage; but as a shot, with rifle or pistol, I acknowledged no superior at that time, for I was then a perfect marksman. Strange feats I could tell you as to my aim and general prowess, but they have no connection with the present relation.

"One Saturday morning, George came

"Well, Jim, there was a fine fall of snow last evening, and the rabbits and squirrels will be plentiful: shall we to the woods?"

"I gave him no answer for a moment, and he resumed:—If you do not wish to go, I will take Satan and go alone."

"Now Satan had a great difficulty in distinguishing between us, as to who was his master, George assuming as much control over him as I did myself, and the dog would follow him with as little persuasion as he would me."

"Well, George, wait a moment till I dress myself, and will accompany you."

"I went to my room, equipped, and started out, rifle on my shoulder, for the sierravood.

I forgot to tell you in my preamble that George's father was one of the professors in the University, and that in college honors, George outranked me. The house he lived in was situated within the college grounds, and immediately behind the boundary of the same, the woods commenced thick and uncleared. It was the season when the farmers gathered, in pails and buckets, the sap of the sugar maple, and boiled the saccharine juice until the consistent sugar was obtained. It was a favorite amusement of ours to go into the woods, and sit around the big fires and listen to the jokes of the boilers and taste the steaming syrup. It had been our custom every day to go at the evening gloaming, and stay till late at night, smoking our short pipes, and drinking our 'mild rye' out of a leaf noggin; and we never thought ourselves far from home until we had left the sugar boilers four or

"Distant about four miles from our domicile was the largest and most complete sugar camp in the country. Towards this we now bent our steps. Satan coursed on before, racing here and there, sometimes starting a deer or a rabbit, which we endeavored to kill and bag with varied success, while on he went, yelling and scouting, as if all was but play to him. Leisurely we followed, often excited by the break of a deer across our path, but never varying from our accustomed track, save to pick up our game. About noon we reached the camp, and around the camp the snow, and the snow-covered, combustible substance of every description, we found our old cronies, the sugar boilers, and were heartily welcomed, as just in 'pudding time.' There, in the snow, some half-dozen yards from the fire, they were sitting upon benches and logs, eating their noon-day meal. We were, of course, invited to partake, and quickly disposing of our rifles, accoutrements and game, fell to work in right hungry and masterly style, and did our duty with the best among them, our long march having sharpened our desires.

gnawing appetites. Satan received as much of a welcome as his masters, and was regaled with his share, never scrupling to take his bit from one more than

mother. Conversation now turned upon the state of the woods, and the quantity of game, and where it was best found, and in the greatest quantity. This camp was honored with the name of "The Eagle's Nest," it being the topmost eyrie in a long range of hills, which stretched towards the eastward from us, far as the eye could reach, and on various occasions the great bald eagle, illustrious emblems of our country's liberty, had made it a consecrated spot, whereon to build their enormous nests. — Still on the height the fissures, between two great rocks, could be found *roses* and twigs, remnants of the *last resting-place* of these gigantic birds. Many a shot had George and I had at one of these feathered aristocrats, from the very spot on which we now stood, and although marksmen of superior ability, yet neither had been able to oblige one of them to stoop from his high flight. We were told game had been seen that very morning, making a range towards another track of highland, some five miles distant, and that without doubt we should find *straggling* parties of deer between our present stand and the "Toad Fellow," another valley between the hills, far away to the east. We soon finished our chat, and started on the trail, Satan, as usual, leading the way. After a few hundred yards had been passed, and Satan had been lost sight of for some time, we were astonished by hearing faint ahead the loud baying of the dog, yelling in such a manner that we were convinced game must have been started, and that of a superior quality to what we had been following. On we went, as fast as we could, clear a track through the underbrush, clearing a path *stiffly and steadily*, for fear of rousing some hidden partridge or wild rabbit before we were near enough to draw the bead upon them. On, however, we went, swiftly and surely, nearing faster and faster the hound's cry, and the yell ringing clearer and shriller through the frozen air, vibrated against the hillside, and echoed far away. Just as we reached within a few yards of our canine friend, who seemed to be perfectly motionless, save as to baying, we distinctly heard a rustling in the bushes, and saw the fiery eyes and black, shaggy nozzle of a young black bear. Frightened I admit I was, and sprang back a few feet upon the first sight, but the manly firmness of George re-assured me, and I retraced my steps. He very coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and as near as I could judge, from the direction of his aim, he pointed directly between the bear's eyes and pulled the trigger. At the same moment stilled the dog, and waited to see the effect of the shot, intending to put in my bullet if his had proved ineffectual or insufficient. But "man proposes," etc. Before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder the bear had disappeared, and his tramp, as

branched the dead branches under the snow, could be distinctly heard fast receding from his hiding-place, while the baying of the dog, in full chase, reverberated through the gorges as if miles away. Off we started, the dog still leading us, and on we traveled, until night brought us to a halt, weary, hungry and unsuccessful. Satan' was where we knew not; still ringing at intervals, far off to the north, could be heard his yell, growing fainter and fainter as we listened. I put my dog-bell to my mouth, and blew the usual call for him to return; but he came not. Cold, wet, and chilled, we turned us back, resolving in our mind to sleep at the camp all night and go home in the morning. In an hour we had reached the high ground, and could see plainly the red light of the sugar-fire, glowing up clearly and plainly in the frosty air, coloring the fleeting snow-clouds with a yellow glare. Trudging along with as much celerity as possible, we made from the woods, striking a direct track to the clearing, which, after having fallen in the snow a hundred times and almost barely escaping rolling down the innumerable precipices which we were obliged to pass, we reached, after the boilers had devoured their supper. No supper! This was a new inducement for anger, and our feelings at our poor success were not the most gracious and amiable. We concluded to turn home, supperless and tired as we were, and waited only for the rising of the moon to start. During our detention here, which should come stalking into our midst, with his his ears scratched, his hide barked, his hair discolored and bloody, to our infernal friend, Master Satan? By all appearances he had indelicately introduced himself to our other black friend, the bear, and some not over-animable endearment had been exchanged between them, from the effects of which Satan had hurriedly returned to us in the unpleasant state now presented. One ear lopped rather heavily to one side, scratched and bleeding, the flesh almost cut through, while the other still retained the old, fashionable fish-splish crests, customary to his aristocratic lineage. His tail, carried off ordinary occasions stretched out while now it was to the straightest tension, curled gracefully over his sleek and shining back, as if now dropped to the ground and hugging as it in a staccato, broken, lilting. Various were the speculations of the assembled group as to the final destination of our wounded but still intemperate adversary, and many were the places notorious for their wildness and diddial approach, named as the final retreat and cover of the foe. "These conjectures, although they inspired us with the hope of once again meeting with the brute and exchanging acquaintances with him, pro-

little adapted to cool our feverish blood, now aggravated by the taunts of some of the by-standers, and by a raging appetite and depressing weariness.

"The moon having now attained a height at which it cast her rays over the tree-tops, and lit up the forest with her silvery beams, simultaneously we both arose, determined to make home before we starved to death, or became too fretful to be agreeable. Tramp, tramp, crunch, crunch!—we paced it over the now crispy snow, which during the day had thawed slightly, and now, since night had set in, had frozen till a crust covered the whole expanse of ground, breaking creakingly underneath our feet. On we walked, unconscious of the presence of each other, busied only with our own melancholy thoughts, and desiring neither to converse nor listen to conversation. The moon shone clearly above us, and every object was as distinct to the eye as it would have been had it been noon-day. George was walking a rod or two behind me, and at intervals would increase the distance as he lagged behind, to five or six. Satan walked silently, majestically, and as if tired, in George's rear, and like a well-bred hound as he was, followed in the steps of his masters. Thus we strode along, until within a hundred rods of the house, and then, by some unaccountable circumstance, Satan intruded his nose, and then a good part of his body, between the legs of the already irritated George, and naturally enough, down came the butt of the rifle upon his devoted head.

"My attention was attracted toward the now picturesque group, from hearing the long, loud yell of pain which Satan uttered at the rebuke, thereby frightening me, and disturbing the stillness of the night. I turned to see the cause, and heard George curse the dog, threatened at the same time to shoot him if again awkward. He was now some distance behind me, and picking up a piece of frozen crust, I demanded why he struck the hound, and threatened to shoot him if he did so again, at the same time flinging the ice at his head, which unfortunately hit him. He bowed his head when he felt the blow, but the next moment I saw him bring his rifle hurriedly to his shoulder and aimed the hammer back. I sprang for a stump near by, but before I reached it I felt in my right side a sharp, cutting pain, as if a rock had been scorching my vitals. Down I fell, full length on the snow, and for a moment all was dark and bloody before my eyes. I now felt the warm blood oozing gush by gush out of the wound made by the ball. At that moment, no thought of death or dying crossed my mind; all my energies, all my thoughts, all my mind, were bent on the means to revenge myself. I had no fault at that time; all I seemed to remember was the cowardly advantage taken of me by my friend George! *Acenep, acenep*, it seemed searing my brain; these words seemed burning into my very life-blood, seemed cutting my every nerve and urging me to action.

Presently this blinding fit passed off, but the desire for revenge still hung around me with fearful tenaciousness.—Satan, nearly wild with excitement, all ways jumping in advance at the report of the rifles, was flying hither and thither around me, smelling at my side, and rubbing his cold nose against my face, appearing to know and understand the hurt I had sustained, and seemingly endeavoring to evince the most perfect disapproval of the act. I had fallen near the stump, behind which I had at first endeavored to find shelter, and raising myself to my feet, although the effort gave me the most intense pain, I staggered on to an immense decaying log, near by, falling upon it as soon as having reached it. Down behind this I lay for a few moments, in the most feeble state, my whole system racked with the most excruciating anguish; and, with a powerful effort of the will, at length raised myself to my knees, and levelled my rifle across the long. I now looked around for George. For a few moments every object, snow, trees, stumps and sky, seemed revolving about me, and I supposed myself drowning, or rather swimming in an ice-cean. The moon shone above brightly, and the woods were clearer than before to my excited faculties. I looked after the distress had passed, for several seconds for George, uselessly, when I had become more composed, although still in great agony from the effect of my wound. I just saw his shadow on the snow, a hundred yards or so from my position, and there I determined to wait his first motion, and then send a bullet through his heart or head. While waiting thus I debated with myself whether to aim for the breaker of eyes.—My determination was at last formed, and I mentally concluded to direct my rifle at his head and kill him dead so dead, in fact, that he could never explain the cause or manner. Thus I lay deliberately plotting a murder, the favor of God, or what should come after, never once entering my mind. Thus I reasoned: he had shot me in a moment of passion, he should therefore be subjected to all the after-consequences which necessarily follow such an act. That the ball had entered my right side, glanced off against my lowest rib, and cut through my liver, I was convinced, and now, upon reflection, it stood a fair, almost a certain chance, of going up the long, unceasing journey which I and now fallow travellers would have to make, and lead the way, from God's Throne from whom I inherited such fiendish passions, such damning hate and bitter misery toward any who had injured me but these thoughts all coursed through my brain, and instead of stilling the fever which was now fast beating my blood

and aggravating my bitter rancors, seemed further irritating all the worse feelings more and more. It seemed an age I waited, but firm to death, I neither spoke nor cried, although my suffering were indescribable. At length I found the upper part of George's body bent around the stump, and then I drew back the hammer of the rifle, and drawing the butt to my shoulder as best I could in my uneasy position, I prepared to shoot. The case was quiet and solitary, and the moment he did so my finger drew back the trigger and sent the ball whizzing towards his head. This last effort cost me all my strength, and falling back on the snow, my ears, head, and very soul were pierced through by the most horrid scream of pain I ever heard, and then all sense vanished from my mind, all light from my eyes, all feeling from my body, and I seemed as dead. I had fainted.

"One morning I awoke, as from a horrible dream, and remembering nothing of the previous day, before I started, I attempted to raise my hand to my head, which was now aching badly, when I discovered I possessed not the least power of motion, and could speak no word above a whisper. I made a slight elevation, and before the word was concluded, George was standing beside my bed, torn running down his cheeks, and his eyes almost starting from his head. "God be thanked, Jim, you are yourself again," said he, as soon as he discovered I was sensible of his presence, which I could only assure him by a gasty snuffle, being too weak to speak even a word.

"Do you know how long you have

been sick," he asked.

"I replied with my eyes in the negro's face, and he continued:

"You have been subjected to all this pain and trouble by my infernal temper, and it is now six weeks ago since I drew the bead on you. Your shot struck me on the collar-bone and shivered it, if it had been paper. I fell on the snow and after lying for a short time, I crawled down to the house and alarmed the inmates by my tale. Satan had been before me, and had yelled, and barked, and scratched at the doors until he gained admittance, and then had set up the most dismal howling, running back and forth from the room to the outer door, to the astonishment and surprise of all. They had heard the shots and supposed that to be the mere announcement of our near approach, it having been our custom to fire just before reaching the house; you know, and they thought no more of it, until our long delay frightened them, and they were just coming to look for us as I gained the doorway. They immediately sought after you, and when found you were brought here, fainting and perfectly insensible. The doctor was instantly sent for, the bullet extracted, and morning discovered you perfectly prostrated with a violent brain fever. Don't touch your head, it has been shattered, and now has no hair on it longer than a pin. You must be very quiet, to make no exertion to move, the doctor says, and you will soon be up and around. Satan has entirely recovered, and has

"He called the dog, who had been lying watching us during the whole morning, and, scarcely understanding the whole of what he said, he sprang up to me. With a leap like a deer he sprang up his fore-paws upon the bed and saluted me with a joyful cry, as he saw I recognized and took notice of him, and then in fond submission, commenced to lick my face and hands. He seemed almost crazy with delight, and George was obliged to drag him forcibly away from me, in order to keep him from smothering me, in his joy.

"Can you ever, will you forgive my hasty act of hateful passion?" said George, the tears streaming from his eyes afresh and falling upon my hand, which he had now imprisoned between his own. "God knows I did not know what I was doing when I pulled you out of my right, and I have repented in bitterness of the act night and day, and prayed and curd myself for the devil's work. Jim, I will watch you stay near you, be your friend, anything for you, if you will but let me see you."

I could not speak, the fit tears of pity and affection for him who had always been my friend, were filling my eyes as I watched my pillow, and my feelings remorseful for the part I had enacted this nearly fatal drama, were choking and the thoughts of all the kind and loving instances of friendship George had always shown me were exciting my brain and heart in such a manner that it was providential I did not relax, nor driven as I was I raved mad again, and no word could I have spoken to soothe his anguish had his life been at stake. I tried to say, "Yes, George, I do forgive you, indeed I do," but the words stuck in my throat, and I only reply was a faint pressure of his hand, of which he interpreted the meaning, and then the doctor entered the room, and to my great feebled bliss at the time, rather rudely reproached George for so exciting me, and said, "I will not have you do so again." This was the last time we ever spoke of the matter by mutual agreement. For six months I lay, however between life and death, and George was only attendant, (for he would permit no one to wait upon me but himself, and desired no better nurse,) always near to me. Gradually my strength returned, and then he strove to entertain me by reading to me from my favorite authors, and communicating to me the news gathered curiously of all the wild

Slowly but surely I progressed toward health, and at last was permitted to leave the room. My first way was by riding with George, who drove me with care and anxiety far over the 'Eagle-Nest.' We were better friends than ever, adversity had drawn a band around our hearts, which no misfortune could sever; and at this late day George C— is the most esteemed and dearest and nearest and most confidential friend your father possesses, as you well know. I learned from others part of what I have told you, (for he never spoke of his attention,) that George, as soon as his broken bone had been re-set, immediately commenced to nurse me, and had absolutely watched at my bed side day and night, until my final recovery. I have often laughed and joked with him upon our many old trumps together, but we never have adverted, or even hinted, to the bear-hunt at the 'Eagle-Nest,' or our unfortunate return. He begged me to give him Satan when I left M—, and I could do no less than to comply with his wish; and the old dog, for he is now dead, although but a short time since, lived with him, tracking the deer till they were all exterminated, and then degrading himself and canine family by hunting the timid rabbits from the woods and precipices. The 'Eagle-Nest' is now a cleared farm, and the spot is sown yearly with wheat or other grain, in which we foolish boys disgraced our humanity and indicated our precocious sense of honor by fighting our first duel.—*Kniecherbocker.*

e Though regarded in Modern Geogm

phys as a part of Italy, the country which lies North of the peninsula, Lombardy, and that part of Continental Sardinia east of the Alps, was known in Roman History as Cisalpine Gaul.

For a long time it was the centre of a hardy barbarian race, who were the enemies of Italy, and the obstacle and terror of the Roman Empire. Hannibal gathered the wild hordes that poured down upon Rome, massacred the Senators and Priests in the Forum, hemmed the troops in the Citadel, and retired only after destroying the city.

It was the last part of Italy to be subdued, and then it was held as a foreign conquest, not as a part of Rome. Ever after it was the scene of contending nationalities, and the great battles of the world were fought upon its soil, but not for it; for no matter which side won, it was still the victim of the conqueror.

The contest between Carthage and Rome was fought here. Hannibal crossed the Alps, with the loss of half his army, laid siege to Tura (Taurini) and pitched his camp upon the Ticinus (the Ticino), and then encountered the army of Scipio, who had thrown a bridge over the river. The Roman Consul defeated, was compelled to retreat over the Po—destroying the bridge behind him, to be again defeated at Trebia, and to meet a fatal, and as it at first appeared, a final, blow to Roman arms at Lake Trasimene.

The history of this campaign, as minutely described at the time, and as illustrated by the Commentators on the Art of War, reads like a campaign of Napoleon. Like the victories of the Monarch-Conqueror, it was followed by the submission of all Gaul; which, versatile as now, turned against its conquerors, when

It was upon the Raudean plains, the seat of modern Milan, that Caisus Marius defeated the Cimbri (101 B. C.) in a battle which lasted three days, and which postponed for many centuries the barbarian invasion.

In the fall of the Empire the Goths desolated this Northern region; and the Lombards, a tribe of Germans, who had been invited in, as stipendiaries, proved even more cruel than the Goths. They held it under a succession of twenty-one Monarchs

In 962, Otto the Great, a Saxon, was crowned at Milan with the iron crown of Lombardy, and at Rome with the golden crown of the Empire. It is the crown of the Caesars that the Imperial Kings claim to wear, and they reign over Austria and Germany. As Conquests of the Roman Empire. For several centuries the German Emperors were recognized as the Sovereigns of all Italy. Then CHARLEMAGNE annexed it to the Empire of the Franks. Then again it fell to

The power of the Church broke this supremacy. The Pope encouraged the Northern Provinces to revolt, and the Lombard league was formed, which triumphed at the battle of Legnano in 1176, and the peace of Constance gave freedom to the Italian cities, and laid the foundations of the Republics of Genoa, and Florence.

In this struggle FRANKRICK BARBAROSSA burned Tortona, destroyed Cremona, razed Milan to the ground. The cities built Alexandria, the present day Cairo, on the Nile, to escape the Northern invasion. This Italian triumph was shortlived; and the history of Italy was one of internal wars, alternated by invasions from without.

The battle of Pavia, another of the great battles of the world, was fought upon its soil, between CHARLES the Vth of Austria, and FRANCIS I. of France, in which the latter was routed and taken prisoner, and wrote home "all was lost but honor."